

ALASKA SENTINEL.

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1905

\$2.00 PER YEAR

Department Store.

WRANGELL, ALASKA.

Stikine River Business a Specialty.



Watch Repairing.

Letter and Monogram Engraving.

General Merchandise.
CAMPING and FISHING
OUTFITS.

Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps,
Full Line of Boys and Gents Clothing,
Curios, Etc., Etc.
Mail Orders Promptly Filled.

For Sale—Str. Capella,—fine family 16-foot boat

F. W. Carlyon.

U. S. MAIL STEAMER

Clatawa

Carrying Mail, Passengers and Freight, will leave

—WRANGELL—

For Woodsky and west coast Prince
of Wales Points

Close connection with Steamer "Spray" for Copper Mountain,
Subar and all points on the lower end of the Island.

Monday of each week at 6 A. M.

For particulars, call on

CYRUS F. ORR Master

Look Out FOR FIRE!

Chamber of Commerce.

The Chamber of Commerce met last Thursday evening with President McCormack in the chair and Secretary Worden at his post.

After roll call and reading and approval of the minutes of the May meetings, Messrs. A. T. Bennett and M. F. Inman were elected to membership.

A communication from Judge Royal A. Gunnison, with regard to establishing a term of district court, annually, at Wrangell, was read. The Judge expressed himself as favorable to holding a term of court at Wrangell as soon as the business will justify.

The committee for assisting Capt. Orr in putting on a larger and better boat for the Prince of Wales run, reported that they had raised \$1500, and that a first-class boat is expected here in a few days.

The new mineral cabinet has been placed in the rooms, and a warrant for \$80 was ordered drawn in favor of C. P. Cole for building it.

The committee on the improvement of the Dry straits, reported that highly satisfactory progress is being made toward bringing the matter to a successful termination, and the committee was continued.

To advertise Wrangell, 2,500 cards were ordered printed and sent to the exposition at Portland for distribution.

It was moved and carried that Wrangell have a Fourth of July celebration, and a committee of three consisting of J. G. Grant, P. C. Jensen and A. V. R. Snyder was appointed to raise funds.

After discussing Wood Pulp, Peat, and other subjects that interest this section, the Chamber adjourned.

Mrs. Mary Willson returned from Juneau on the Humboldt.

Receiver Davidson went to Juneau on the Jefferson, Sunday.

Mrs. Heiser, of Seattle, is here visiting her sister, Mrs. P. A. Maude.

Mr. Totten and family have moved into Mrs. Haught's house in west Wrangell.

The Novelty was here again Saturday night, after more logs of James' Douglas saw mill.

Schilling's Best Wallace has been quite sick, here, a portion of the week, but is about ready to hit the road again.

The Wrangell Robbery Company will tan your furs and hides properly.

E. W. & J. HAUGHT.

Mrs. Alex Choquette, near Sing Lee's store, on Front street, will do your washing, either family or personal, in a first-class manner.

Wharfman Robert Reid has just received a new double-action pile-driver—the best in Alaska. It will be set up and ready for action this week.

The Clatawa brings word that the N. P. T. & Pkg. Co.'s cannery at Klawack began canning salmon on the 15th, putting up 105 cases on the first day.

F. H. Gray returned from Howkan and Dahl Island, where he spent several days with W. D. McLeod. He says that Dahl Island mining property is all right.

Sam Freeman, Brigham Grant, Frederick Bronson and Ernest Campbell rowed over to Mill Creek, Saturday, and returned Monday, reporting a pleasant outing.

To make impossible for what few flies we have to light on him, or his choice meats, besides keeping the room cool, C. M. Coulter has added a screen front to the Wrangell Market.

The Catherine M. came in from Point Ellis, Sunday, remained a few hours and started on her return. The cannery has started up and things will be lively at the Point for some weeks to come.

The SENTINEL begs pardon of that little man at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Engstrom, for not mentioning him sooner. He arrived June 6th, but we did not hear of it until a day or two ago.

And here comes P. C. McCormack with blood in his eye and says neither Fred Lynch or Will Grant can out-bray him on the cabbage proposition. Well, he has a mighty fine lot of 'em; but his wheat crop is a failure.

Ten commercial men were in town most of the week, headed by Harry Raymond and C. M. McGrath. Harry Malone, representing Caro & Co., and E. L. Wallace, of Ledbetter & Wallace, Juneau, have also been with us.

Superintendent Nelson of Barnes' Lake Bay cannery, was in town the fore part of the week, looking for fishermen. The Antelope people are booming their legs this week, and then will go fishing for Nelson.

Messrs. Angus Cameron, D. Fulton and D. Porter, of Oregon, arrived up last week and had Collins' launch Patsience C. take them over to Baranoff Island, where they are interested in mining properties.

Mr. E. E. Lee, of Chicago, representing industrial capital, spent most of last week in town, and is now out with Mr. Ernest Specht, endeavoring to find something in which to invest. With our numerous resources, he surely ought to be made, satisfied.

Casds of Thanks.

I most heartily thank the people of Wrangell for their kindness in caring for me during my sickness, and in helping me to return to my home in Norway.

OLE VELLE.

I take this means to thank the people of Wrangell for their assistance during the sickness, death and burial of my late husband, and for their most generous contribution in money.

Mrs. THEODORE THOMSEN.

Clothing, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, Oiled Clothing

Gum Boots, Groceries,

HARDWARE, ETC.,

All at the Lowest Prices.

All Fresh Fruits in Season.

Headquarters For Camping, Fishing, Prospecting and Mining Outfits.

THE CITY STORE,
DONALD SINCLAIR, Proprietor.

Wrangell, Alaska.



AGENTS FOR
Hercules Powder.

AGENTS FOR
UNION Gas Engine.

St. Michael Trading Co.
Wrangell, Alaska.

PROGRAM OF SERVICES

Peoples' Church for the Month of June.

Sunday, June 4—Subject, "The Sacraments; what are they?"
" 11—Service of Song. Address, "How to take a Vacation"
" 18—Subject, "The Philistine."
" 25—Subject, "What do you Serve God for?"
Interpreted service, 10:30; Junior Christian Endeavor, 11:30;
Sunday School, 2:30; Christian Endeavor, 4; Evening Service, 7:30.

You are Earnestly Invited to Attend.

H. P. CORSER, Minister.

Stikine River Scenery is the
FINEST IN ALASKA!

The Hudson Bay Company's
ELEGANT STEAMER



—Will make trips throughout the summer between—
Wrangell, Alaska and Telegraph Creek, B C

Affording every luxury known to travel, and will run special trips in September this year for the accommodation of Big Game Hunters.

For rates apply to G. LOCKERBY, Purser, Wrangell.

When it comes down to a charitable people, Wrangell certainly leads the list. Week before last the condition of Ole Velle appealed to the public for aid. As soon as this was known a subscription paper was started, about \$125 was raised in his behalf and he was started on his way home to Norway. Last week through the death of Theo. Thomsen the widow and two children were left in somewhat distressed circumstances. For them a collection was taken up and \$210.00 was raised, which will keep the wolf from the door for some time.

George N. VanTyne, who, with a force of seven men, went over to the El Capitán marble quarries, about a month ago, to get out rock for a building in Seattle, came over on the Clatawa last Saturday, having received word to cease work, for some reason unknown to them. They left on the Humboldt, for Seattle. Mr. VanTyne says that marble is all right, and there is plenty of it.

Mrs. Schuler is making some substantial improvements to her property on the alley, three doors east of Sixteenth, by building a room in addition to the house, putting in a sewer system, etc.

Mr. D. M. Agnew, who was shot in the foot on the 17th of last January and has since been improving very slowly owing to the shattered condition of the bone, was a passenger on the Humboldt Sunday for Seattle, with a view to having the wound more satisfactorily treated.

We take pleasure in calling attention of the public to the advertisement of Mr. Jorgen Berg, manufacturer of Fire Peat, and it is a further pleasure to assure our readers that this is no myth. After the season began the agitation of the Peat proposition, Mr. Berg, who followed the Peat business in the old country, made an examination on his farm adjoining town, and found that he had endless quantities of it, of a superior quality. He dug a considerable quantity of it, formed it into bricks, and when dried it was found to burn as well as coal. Several pieces were brought to the Sentinel office, Saturday, and a piece about six inches square and two inches thick burned smartly for about 14 hours. Mr. Berg is building sheds under which to dry the Peat out, and will go into the business on quite an extensive scale. He will convey his town, Juneau and Ketchikan for its sale, and if he meets with encouragement, will put up 70,000 bricks 6x12 inches, two inches thick. The Peat is to be seen to be appreciated.

C. W. Wright, mineralogist, who with his brother Fred was at this place last summer, was here last week accompanied by Mr. E. M. Kimball. They stayed over a day and then went on to Ketchikan, where Mr. Fred Wright is making his headquarters. They will return in a few weeks and further inspect the lower Stikine and its tributaries. These gentlemen are doing a good work.

Capt. Carroll was in command of the Spokane, and fell in with Bob Reid, Fred Lynch, Edward Linbeck and Capt. J. C. Cullbreath, at this place, and it made one feel good to make the pleasure they took in recounting occurrences years ago when Capt. Carroll navigated Alaskan waters. At 65 the Capt. is as hale and hearty as many a man of 40, and all were pleased to meet and greet him.

The excursion steamer Spokane, was here last Thursday, under the care of C. V. Dunann, General Passenger Agent of the P. C. Co. Mr. Dunann said they had 125 aboard this trip, which is the smallest number she will carry on any of the six trips she is to make, and that the lists are already made up.

People below needn't put on any frills over the people in this part of Alaska. The young vegetables, strawberries and other fruits are just as nice and palatable as their own, the only difference being that they come a little nearer, for "Jones won't pay the freight to Alaska."

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brice came up from Ketchikan last week to visit their relatives, Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Rosenthal, and many friends. Harry says the mine in which he is interested is looking better all the time, and his Wrangell friends are all glad of it.

Charley Bieby was in town during the week, the first time for five months. He has been working at the Portage Mountain Company's mines, near the head of Duncan Canal, and says they have some mighty fine rock, and plenty of it.

Today—Thursday—is the longest day in the year.

ALASKA SENTINEL.

Published every Thursday by
A. V. R. SNYDER
Editor and Proprietor.

Entered November 20, 1902, at Wrangell, Alaska, as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

—Subscription Rates.—

One Year—In Advance.....\$2 00
Six Months ".....1 25
Three Months ".....75

Advertising Rates.

Professional Cards per Month.....\$1 00
Display, per inch per month.....50
Locals, per Line.....10

HEID & DAY,
Attorney-at-Law.

Practices in all Courts.

JUNEAU, - - - ALASKA.

DR. WILLIAM HUGHES,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.

Office—Up Stairs in Campbell Building,
WRANGELL, - ALASKA.

All calls promptly attended.

DR. S. C. SHURICK,
Physician & Surgeon.

Calls attended, Day or Night.
SHAKAN, - ALASKA.

DR. HARRY C. DeVIGHNE
GENERAL PRACTICE.

Calls attended day or Night.
Wakefield Building, Wrangell, Alaska.

Edwad Ludecke,

General Repairer of

Boots and Shoes.

All work left with me will be

Promptly and Satisfactorily Done.

Shop in Cagle building, next
door to Sinclair's store.

Wrangell, - - - Alaska.

Wrangell Fire Peat!

—Manufactured by—

JORGEN E. BERG.

Burns equally as well as coal, and will be sold cheaper
than wood or coal.

Ready for delivery by Sept. 1st.

Samples will be delivered in about two weeks, free of charge.

Through misplaced confidence in the canine race Deputy Marshal Grant has met with a painful mishap. Mr. Grant is on the best of terms with all the dogs, always patting them and talking kindly to them. One evening last week he met Fred Lynch's big dog "Marten." What he stopped to pat his head, when, quick as a flash the dog sprang at his face, grabbing him just on the right side of the nose, tearing through the lip and tearing off the point of the nostril. The wound was dressed and Mr. Grant is getting along all right, hoping to recover with slight disfigurement. What he regrets most is the loss of his moustache, of which he was particularly proud; but in this he is only unwillingly following the lead. The only way that Mr. Grant can account for the viciousness of the dog at this time was that a short time back his dog and this one had a wicked fight; that just before meeting this dog Marten had been patting his own and this dog smelled it on his hands and it made him mad; hence his actions.

If you've got any money, Denny, the chop house man, wants it.

Joe Barney, an Indian, goes to jail at Sitka for 11 months to ponder over the proposition as to whether it pays to criminally assault children. One night last week he enticed out Minnie Sunuk, a native girl about 13 years old, and after getting her drunk carried her to a cabin where they were found in the morning. He was taken before Judge Thomas on a charge of assault, pleaded guilty and was given the above sentence. These outrages of public decency are becoming a little too frequent and should be checked, even though it may be necessary as an example, to treat the perpetrators as they sometimes do animals in order to cool their ardor.

Dr. E. I. Green, our dentist, has gone south. He is going to call at Ketchikan and Port Simpson, and then make the Skeena river. The Dr. expects to be away about two months, but get back in time to go up the Stikine in the fall. By the way, Dr. Green has received a Somnifone outfit for use as an anesthetic for the painless extraction of teeth. He is up-to-date with modern appliances in connection with his profession.

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

FRANGEL.....ALASKA.

No self-made man was ever known to express dissatisfaction with the job.

A Kansas man killed himself because his trade had fallen off. Why didn't he advertise?

No wonder women at 40 are cranks. See how they have to hustle to look as young as they say they are.

Judging from the number of them that have been arrested there must have been an enormous supply of terrorists in Russia at the start.

Children may not be "destroyers of home life," but they certainly work fearful destruction sometimes in the pantry department of the home.

New England may succeed in forming a crustacean trust, but there will still remain a large supply of independent lobsters in the community.

King Edward is declared to be the safest ruler on earth. But why should anybody wish to kill as gentlemanly and harmless a monarch as he, anyway?

A man in Paris is reported to have suddenly shrunk in height two feet. He must have met his wife as he was getting home some night very early in the morning.

A Kansas congregation voted 4 to 1 against the acceptance of Mr. Rockefeller's gift of \$100,000. But this was not the congregation to which the gift had been offered.

Three centuries after the appearance of "Don Quixote" a statue of its author is to be erected by Havana, a city freed from Spain by a country unknown in Cervantes' time. Whirligig time at work again.

Cole Younger is reluctantly compelled to admit he has scored a failure in the show business. If anybody knows any other way in which a man without a reputation can make a living without work Cole would be glad to hear of it.

"What would Christ do?" asks a correspondent of the New York Herald, "if Rockefeller offered him \$100,000 to him?" He ate with publicans and sinners, according to the record, and it may be assumed, asked no questions as to where the meat came from. Still, it is a fair question.

Do suckers bite? The question, asked by a New York newspaper, has caused many of its readers to revert to their boyhood experiences. The man who denies it declares that suckers merely swallow the bait without biting. As a matter of ichthyological criticism this seems carping.

When anything occurs to arouse the patriotic enthusiasm of a German city, it seems to expend the impulse in erecting a statue in memory of Bismarck. One hundred and ninety-four statues have been completed up to the present time, forty-eight are in process of construction, and the possibilities of the future are of course limitless. Yet to see a grander, more enduring memorial than any of these, one needs only to contemplate united Germany.

If a whipping bill should pass in a neighboring Legislature, the boys of that State will be thrashed in school only when the principal has obtained the written consent of parents and "in the presence of a majority of the school trustees." We fancy that by the time the poor principal has gone through these formalities he will be glad enough to call the exercises off. In the blithe days of our childhood we were well licked before we recollected that we had any parents or that there were any school trustees, and five minutes later the emergency had vanished. We cannot recall that during this reign of terror any of our little classmates were "permanently injured," but there were two or three dozen of us who have since confessed that we were permanently benefited.

After years of the hardest sort of work, one of the greatest engineering feats in the world has been finally accomplished. The Simpson tunnel has been formally opened, and the first trains have passed through. Not only is it the longest tunnel in the world, but its course is beneath a greater weight of mountains than any other. There have been numerous disappointments and heart-breaking delays in the work, and upon one occasion it was thought that it would have to be given up. At one period of the construction a subterranean stream of hot water was encountered, which compelled the cessation of work, and the difficulties encountered in blocking this underground hot river were prodigious. Added to the other difficulties, it appears that the geologists and engineers who did the preliminary work were very generally mistaken in their prophesies as to the character of the soil which would be encountered. The strata of rock, it seems, dipped in most unexpected directions, and before the work was well begun the original plans had to be almost entirely revised. Of course the work took a great deal longer than was at first expected. Such enormous engineering undertakings usually do. But it has been free from scandals throughout, which

speaks well for the administrative ability of the Swiss and Italians. On the whole, if the United States makes as good a record in its great undertaking, the Panama Canal, as have the Swiss and Italians in building the Simpson Tunnel, congratulations from the rest of the world will be in order.

In this day of the presentation of flabby and inane, if not worse, stage stories it is worth while to commend a play that teaches a wholesome lesson. Such is "A Messenger From Mars," which contains an ethical teaching as old as the tragedy of Job, and as universal in its appeal. The play presents all the sadness—as well as the grim humor—of the sin of complacent selfishness. "Self, self, self is the curse of this wretched world," says the messenger from Mars. The messenger speaks true. All the history of humans confirms the declaration. This, briefly, is the run of the play: Horace Parker is the apotheosis of selfishness—unwitting selfishness. He is sincerely selfish. So self-centered that no impulse of pity ever comes to him, save self pity, he is calmly imbedded in self love and self indulgence. If anything goes wrong with him—as seldom happens to such a one—he feels himself a much abused man. Parker is not a bad man nor especially wicked. He is not a bad sort of a husband in a sense. He is too highly-minded for gross violation of morals. His self respect keeps him from stooping to low things. He is honorable in a way. He is eminently respectable and eminently satisfied with himself. In a crisis he would doubtless sacrifice himself for his own. But at every turn he unconsciously inflicts suffering upon the women of his household and upon his friends. In short, regarding himself as impeccable, he is guilty every day of offenses that break the hearts of his loved ones. Little less than a miracle will open the eyes of this sort of a man. The Mars messenger comes to him and says, "You train your dogs with hunger and a whip. I must try the same system with you." Then comes an excellent apprenticeship to clear sightedness—he is put in the place of others. Hunger and cold and wretchedness are his teachers. He drinks the cup of misery to the dregs. At every hard-hearted utterance the man mutters, "I've said the same thing many a time myself." Then pity comes to him. His eyes are opened and he hates the old self. A soul is born within him. The lesson is for men and women. For there is no sex in selfishness. It is an old drama—this evolution of a life. And it is re-enacted every day. To some comes the messenger of fate and in a great crisis of pain or of sorrow the lesson is learned. Others learn the teaching when it is too late, save for remorse. And still others will never learn the better way until they are face to face with the lesson elsewhere—somewhere in that outward sweep of the future that we call Mystery.

"EMANCIPATED" SWISS WOMEN



The women in the picture are natives of the primitive little village of Champéry, in the canton of Valais, Switzerland. It is a remote mountainous region, and the women of the district have worn trousers from time immemorial. The men of Champéry are known to be the laziest in the republic. They will sometimes accept employment as guides, but manual labor is not at all to their taste. The women, therefore, have been obliged to follow outdoor occupations, and they have been clever enough to fit themselves for the undertaking. Since these emancipated women of Champéry have been compelled to adopt the evocations and attire distinctive of masculinity, they have gone a step further and provided themselves with short breeches and pipes and chamois skin tobacco pouches.

His Money's Worth.

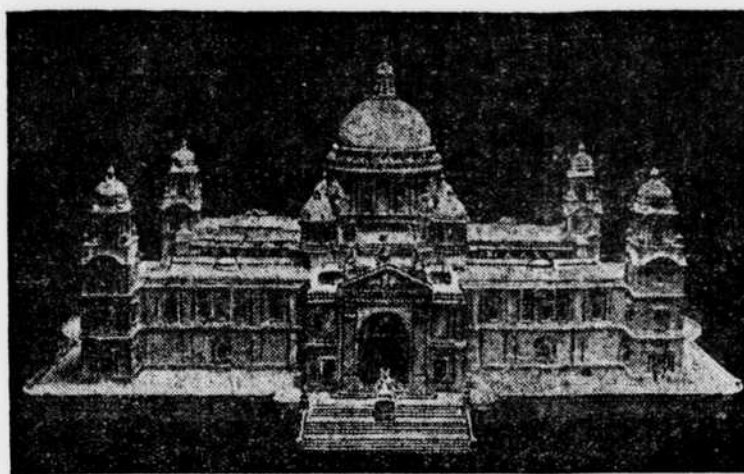
In the myriad minor changes that have come about since war-times, it happens that a negro, who formerly belonged to the family of a Mississippi Congressman, has become proprietor of a small kindling-wood shop in New York City. When the Congressman visits New York, says a correspondent of the Boston Post, he always calls on his old retainer.

The negro seemed unhappy on the occasion of their last meeting, and the visitor hastened to show sympathy. "What's the matter, Uncle Lefe?" he asked.

"It's just been done out o' money, Marshe John," was the reply. "Had a terrible misery in mah toof, and went to a dentist's and got hit pulled, and he charged me a dollar—a whole dollar! Why, once down in Tenn-see, I went to ole Doc Tinker and he pulled two toofs and broke mah jawbone and only charged me 50 cents! I's been buncoed, Marshe John."

Nothing is so uncertain as the certainty of certain politicians.

MEMORIAL TO QUEEN VICTORIA.



A magnificent memorial and a gem of architectural beauty is to be erected in Calcutta, India, in honor of the late Queen Victoria. The building is to be of white marble and the height from the pavement to the top of the great central dome will be 220 feet. The plans for the magnificent monument to the first English empress of the great Oriental land were drawn by a London architect and have the approval of King Edward.

A Little Lesson In Patriotism

"Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country."—Daniel Webster.

Probably no President was ever as unpopular in his own time as was Martin Van Buren. One of the worst financial panics that ever came to the country happened during his administration. Van Buren reaped the whirlwind where the financiers of Jackson's administration had sown the seed of speculation. The President became the target for all kinds of political accusations.

Naturally he was blamed for everything that occurred in public life that was detrimental to the country at large. The good that he did was forgotten or unpublished. In consequence his term of office is one distinguished by discord and dissatisfaction. He boldly took the unpopular side of several important questions, because he believed them to be the right side, without fear and without favor. Against the pressure of wealth, against the influence of his closest friends, he determinedly held out for an elective judiciary, negro suffrage and the sub-treasury system. Some of the reforms long ago became an integral part of the government. Others have not yet come to pass, although there have been indications that public opinion seemed to veer in their direction.

When the time comes that all this is remembered and associated with his name, Martin Van Buren will be appreciated as a great President.

THE SLOCUM DISASTER.

Monument to Be Erected Over Grave of Unidentified Dead.

Under the direction of the Organization of the General Slocum Survivors popular subscriptions are now being received for a granite monument, which is to mark the one grave in which sixty-one unidentified victims of the Slocum disaster were buried in the Lutheran cemetery at Middle Village, Long Island.



SLOCUM DISASTER MEMORIAL.

The contract for the monument, which is to cost \$10,000, has been placed, and it is expected the monument will be in place in time for the unveiling on June 15, the first anniversary of the disaster.

Though marking the burial place of the unidentified dead, the monument is intended to stand as a general memorial of the disaster. It will be of granite, bearing on one side a bronze plate with the burning steamer in bas-relief. Four life-size female figures will ornament the monument. One on the right of the central shaft will represent Memory, that on the left Grief, while the other two figures at the top of the shaft are to represent Faith and Hope. Mounted on a base eight and one-half feet square, the monument will rise to a height of twenty feet.

The catastrophe which the monument is designed to commemorate was one of the most awful in recent American history. About 10 a. m. on June 15, 1904, the steamer General Slocum, crowded with men, women and children, on their way to Locust Grove, Long Island, where the annual picnic of the Sunday school of St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Manhattan, was to be held, caught fire in midstream when near North Brother Island, and

before she could be beached had been reduced to a total wreck and hundreds of lives were lost through burning and drowning.

The official police report on the catastrophe showed the total number of persons who perished was 1,031; the dead recovered, 938; the missing, 93; the injured, 179, and the uninjured, 236.

THE KAISER AS PILOT.

Emperor William in His Favorite Role as Steersman of the Empire.

Clad in oilskins and steering the German ship of state through tempestuous seas, Kaiser Wilhelm figures in a new picture entitled "Our Pilot," which has become the most popular likeness of the Emperor obtainable in the Fatherland. The picture is the work of the Munich painter, Nathanael Schmitt, to whom the Kaiser gave a series of sittings for the special purpose of idealizing him in his favorite role—that of the real guider of the



THE KAISER AS "PILOT."

destinies of the German people through the troublous problems of world politics that beset this strenuous and mighty nation. The Kaiser is shown at the wheel of a ship called Deutsches Reich—German Empire—which is depicted as riding serenely through a gale, while the red-white-black flag of Germany flapping defiantly at the stern. The Emperor has a realistically firm grip on the steering apparatus, and the artist has imparted to his strong, stern countenance the look of determination and fearlessness that characterizes the most intrepid sea dogs. The original painting, from which millions of copies of all kinds and sizes have since been struck off for popular sale, is in a Munich gallery.

No Official Recognition.

The prosecuting attorney's office is a very busy place, but it is not nearly such a hive industry as it would be if all the grievances brought to Mr. Mackintosh were allowed to ripen into law suits.

"Is this the prosecuting attorney?" "Why, yes. The man wouldn't take it back. I knew you could fix a garment." "What kind of a garment?" "Oh—er—er, ladies' garment." "What's the matter with it?" "Why, it doesn't fit. It's two whole sizes too large. My, I should look like a fright."

"Is there any way I can help you?" "Why, yes. The man wouldn't take it back. I knew you could fix a garment." "What kind of a garment?" "Oh—er—er, ladies' garment." "What's the matter with it?" "Why, it doesn't fit. It's two whole sizes too large. My, I should look like a fright."

"Well, you see, we haven't a dressmaker here. Better see a dressmaker."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

A Roosting Place.

A witty but not altogether respectful native of the British Isles described an American mugwump as the sort of man who in England would sit on the hyphen between Campbell-Bannerman. It is interesting to learn from the Schoolmaster that a juvenile British mind has all unconsciously evolved a similar use for the hyphen.

A short time ago a teacher was taking a lesson on the function of the hyphen. Having written a number of examples on the blackboard, the first of which was "bird-cage," he asked the boys to give a reason for putting the hyphen between "bird" and "cage." There was a short silence. Then a boy who is unjustly reckoned among the dunces said:

"It is for the bird to perch on, sir." It is the little cur that is always trying to get even with the big dog.

A Little Lesson In Patriotism

"Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country."—Daniel Webster.

On July 3, 1863, in the battle which determined the future of the American Union, there occurred a charge which has taken its place in the world's history as one of the most valiant ever made. "Pickett's Charge" was the high tide of the Southern Confederacy.

General Lee had massed the best part of his army on the slopes of Seminary Ridge for a last desperate assault upon the Union center. Just at noon a fearful artillery duel began. While the clouds of smoke rolled away, fifteen thousand Confederates, formed like a vast wedge and led by General Pickett, were seen moving across the valley.

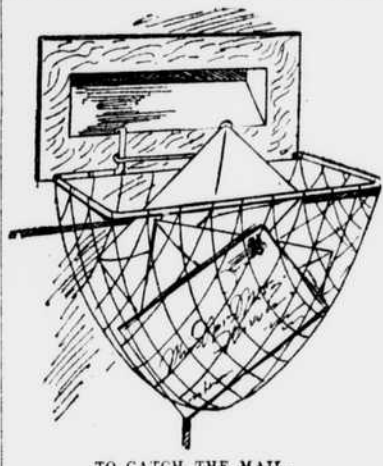
Nearly a mile away the Union forces under Hancock were viewing the oncoming lines of gray coats. Half the distance was passed when the Union artillery began its fire upon the charging columns. Although great holes were torn in the Confederate ranks, they never faltered, but continued steadily on their way.

The ranks grew thin; the long line of Union rifles kept up its constant rain of death; but Pickett and Pickett's men never hesitated until they had come into hand-to-hand combat with the opposing federals. Then at last the charge was broken. Lee's army was defeated. Pickett sounded the retreat; but forgotten is the record of the brave men who fought and died for the cause they served.

TO CATCH THE MAIL.

Wire Basket Arranged Under the Lever Drop.

A hammock mail receptacle is a veritable novelty, which also deserves attention because of its many merits. In the first place, it is readily attached to or detached from the usual letter-drop opening, the advantages of which are obvious. In the second place, it shows at a glance whether there is any mail to be removed, and its character. In



TO CATCH THE MAIL.

the third place its ample proportions allow it to accommodate a large number of magazines or similar bulky articles of mail, and yet it does not ordinarily take up an appreciable amount of space. The common rigid box has to be made large enough for maximum requirements, while, as a matter of fact, these are only called into use semi-occasionally. The distinction is accomplished by means of a wire framework from which the netting depends. The modern particular housewife, if appealed to, would probably lay some stress on the fact that a receptacle of this kind does not form a lurking place for an accumulation of dust.

Santa Claus in Luzon.

An officer stationed in the town of Canamay, Southern Luzon, tells, in the Port Antonio Express, of the great progress made in public school work in the Philippines. He speaks particularly of the Christmas celebration, and of an effort made to introduce Santa Claus to the little islanders.

A collection was taken from the Americans to give the children of the different schools a royal treat. A Christmas tree was duly decorated, and the children were assembled in the schoolroom.

After a few songs and recitations the time came for old Santa to make his appearance. All at once there was a tinkling of bells on the stairs, the door opened, and in rushed the first Santa Claus the children had ever seen, clothed in red, and gesticulating in the customary manner.

As soon as Santa Claus came in by the door, the children went out by the windows. Somebody had yelled, "El diablo a qui!"—"The devil is here!"—and that was enough for the children. They ran to their homes, screaming and frightened. It took some time to quiet their fears and get them back to the schoolroom. Santa Claus had to take off his whiskers, and the small boy in the town of Canamay will tell you that he knows just who Santa Claus is.

As Others See Us.

Biggs—Is Smawley a man of importance in his neighborhood? Diggs—Well, he's of almost as much consequence as a thermometer on a pleasant day.



"I said I would call," said the collector, as he presented himself at the door.

"Was it the 15th I asked you to come around?" asked the man in his shirt sleeves.

"The 15th was the date," said the collector, cheerfully. "See? I've got it marked on the back of the bill. I'll write you a receipt."

"You're a good fellow," said the man in his shirt sleeves, gratefully. "All the same, I mean to pay that bill some time."

"You're going to pay it to-day, aren't you?" said the collector, with his pencil poised. "You told me you'd pay it to-day."

"You want to be more exact," said the debtor. "I think I told you that I felt certain that I would be able to pay you to-day. That was the way I felt then."

"Come, it's only \$4.50," urged the collector. "You can pay that."

"Only \$4.50?"

"That's all. It's been due two months."

"I thought it was \$4.85," said the debtor. "Still, I'm sorry to say that you are mistaken about my being able. As a matter of fact, I haven't that much change about me. If you'd be willing to wait a week—"

"No, sir," said the collector, "we've waited long enough. You know that. We'll have to sue you, that's all."

"Be reasonable," said the shirt-sleeved man, taking his cigar from his mouth. "If you sue me, it will be a matter of expense to you and expense to me. You can't possibly sue, get judgment and levy on my goods and chattels inside of a week. If you wait a week you will save yourself a great deal of trouble and very probably get your money. When a man's pockets are empty—"

The man in his shirt sleeves put his cigar back in his mouth and with a dramatic gesture jerked his trousers pockets inside out. A bunch of keys, a penknife, a piece of plug tobacco and a folded piece of paper fell to the floor. The collector stooped quickly for the paper.

"Aha!" he exclaimed, triumphantly, "a \$5 bill!"

"I didn't know it was in that pocket," protested the debtor.

"I believe you," said the smiling collector. "Twenty cents coming to you. Much obliged. If you've got a nickel now in some other pocket, I'll give you a quarter and your receipt."

"I might take advantage of you," said the shirt-sleeved man, "but I won't. If you'll return me that Confederate five I'll try to have a United States silver certificate of the same denomination ready for you a week from to-day."

"Well, I'll be darned!" said the collector.—Chicago Daily News.

MEMORY BRINGS UP VISIONS OF A COUNTRY SLEIGHRIDE AND BYGONE FUN.

When the snow squeaks under your feet, and the boards on the sidewalk pop and snap, you wish that there was real warmth in gloves, and are pleasantly reminded that long years ago your ears were frozen and are particularly sensitive to the cold, it isn't difficult to recall memories of the sleighride and surprise party that filled you with happiness, when you were young and didn't live in a big, smoky city.

Oh, yes, town folks have sleighing parties, but they are not the real thing. The setting isn't right for the picture, and there is mighty little romance in riding over paved streets and eating supper at a suburban hotel.

Let's see! There were four horses hitched to Jimmie Markey's big bobs, plenty of straw and robes and sleigh bells, and the girls and fellows were picked up at their various homes. Even the driver had his sweetheart perched up on the high seat beside him and bundled up till she looked like a very sweet mummy. When all were paired off and the sleigh was packed full, the outfit was headed for the home of "Farmer" Williams, ten miles away.

You can talk about your Pullman palace cars and luxurious limited trains. They are not to be considered on the same day with a bob-sled when you're feeling right. The whip cracked like a pistol, the crisp zing of the steel runners on the frozen roadway made music. The whistling of the frosty air made the warmth of the girl who was snuggled up to you particularly grateful.

That girl! Her cheeks were scarlet and her eyes sparkling. She seemed the sweetest being that God ever put the breath of life in. She was the sweetest, and when she nestled close to a big farmer boy, who felt his own clumsiness and unworthiness—well, perhaps heaven can offer something finer; but earth, never.

Don't forget the singing. "Good-by, Nellie Gray," "One More River to Cross," "Good-by, My Lover, Good-by," and a lot more floated through the cold night. Don't talk about grand opera; that was music that made you feel.

Was there any hugging? There was, sir; good, healthy hugging, with never an idea of crossing the boundary of modesty and propriety. It has been told that on some of these country sleighrides sweethearts have been known to cover their heads with blankets and allow lips to meet in a caress that made visions of Paradise for a boy, while a girl felt guiltily blissful. Yes, these things do happen.

And finally there was the arrival at the home of "Farmer" Williams. He hopped out of bed, and "Mother" Williams began a search for good things to eat, the Williams girls were shaking hands, everybody was heartily glad to see everybody else, fires were stirred, and the old house blazed with light.

Cider and apples, doughnuts and popcorn were furnished in abundance. Somebody played the melodeon, and Mr. Williams arose to the occasion, and was so funny that everybody laughed, and "Mother" said that "pa" acted just like a boy. He sang a strange song with a great many verses, that told about a sailor who sailed away from his "s-w-e-e-t-h-e-a-r-t" and became a mariner bold.

Tell you, Mr. Williams was the right sort. His children always had a good time.

And the games! You never played "Heavy, heavy, what hangs over" and "Postoffice." All right, you haven't lived. Be miserable, if you like. Down in the country they live close to God, and they believe in being natural. Yes, the kissing games are going on now, just as they did when you were a boy.

And the ride home! More singing; more tumultuous laughter; a mighty shout as each farmhouse was passed. It stirred the sleepers and made them realize that joy was abroad. The revelers were dropped off here and there, and finally the great sled was in the barn, the horses were stabled and the last pair of eyes had closed, and there were dreams of the happiness that had been.

This is a little description of country fun. We have nothing in the city to take the place of its spontaneous joyousness, its thrilling happiness. And even the memory of those old days is very sweet.—St. Louis Chronicle.

Fortune Worries Washwoman.

"The wealthy do have their worries," said Mrs. Cynthia Nicholson, who is worth \$50,000, looking up to-day from the steaming washtub over which she had toiled for many years to support her family, and which she finds it difficult to leave in spite of her snug little fortune. "I have a whole lot of money now, and I don't know what to do with it," she continued. "I have put it in bank; but goodness, burglars rob banks, and so do bank officers. I want somebody to watch the bank oficers and somebody to watch the watchers."

Judge Henry C. Stephenson the other afternoon sought out Mrs. Nicholson, who is a widow, in her rooms on the third floor, rear, of a tenement house in Harriet street, says a Bridgeport (Conn.) special to the New York Herald, and told her that her uncle, William Germond, of Middletown, had died, leaving an estate of which her share will be between \$40,000 and \$50,000, and handed her a certified check for \$1,000 as the first installment of her fortune.

"I toiled for forty years," said this energetic widow, who is now 69 years old, "without being able to save a single penny for a rainy day, and I never can get used to having money. It

troubles me. It makes me suspicious and I keep thinking every one is trying to swindle me out of it. I would like to build myself a comfortable home, but I am afraid of the real estate agents and builders, and I know I could never trust a lawyer."

"Of course I am glad I haven't to work any more, and the children will be able to live well on the money when I am gone, but I was happy enough before I became wealthy. Now I am worried half to death."

Handing Out a Strong Hint.

"Say, doc," instructed the man who was trying to get a little free medical advice, "supposing you had a case of chronic dyspepsia, now; what'd you consider the best course to pursue?"

"Well, sir, if I had such a case, I should treat it according to my professional ability, and then charge what I believed a fair fee. Do I make myself plain?"—Cleveland Leader.

Anxious Moments for Both.

Brother—You can't think how nervous I was when I proposed. Sister—You can't think how nervous she was until you did.—Town and Country.

A lot of men go broke just before the day breaks.



"Doctor, isn't there anything I can do for this seasickness?" "Why, yes. Try farming."—Life.

Johnny—Paw, what's the rest of that quotation beginning "Truth is mighty?" Father—"Searce," I reckon.—Pittsburg Post.

He—I go to bed at night with gloves on to keep my hands soft. She—And do you wear your hat, too?—Hartford Courant.

Medium—Do you wish to see your departed husband's spirit? Mrs. Whit-dre—No; I want to see his ghost! Josh never had no spirit!—Puck.

"So the specialist said you'd have to give up smoking for a while, eh?" "Yes, and he also said I'd have to give up \$15 for good."—Collier's Weekly.

Sutor—I'm poor but honest, sir. Old Rocks—I don't doubt it at all, my boy; and unless you change your principles you'll never get rich.—Town Topics.

Nell—How in the world did you discover her age? Belle—I asked her at what age she thought a girl should marry, and she promptly said 27.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"What is the chief product of the United States?" asked the teacher in a European school. And without hesitation the bright pupil replied, "Money."—Washington Star.

"A New York man advocates the drowning of all idiots." "Why, the cruel brute! I shall raise my voice in protest!" I—er—oh, well, it doesn't matter to me.—Houston Post.

"What is the secret of your success?" asked the very young man. "In buying," said the old horse dealer, "I look sharp, and in selling I look just as ignorant as I can."—Chicago Daily News.

"It's 7 o'clock, Fritz! We must run home." "No, if I go home now I shall be whipped for being so late. I'm going to stay till 9 and then I'll get bonuses and kisses because I'm not drowned."—Lustige Blaetter.

"Did you spend money to get into public office?" "No," answered Senator Sorghum; "I didn't spend it. I gave it away; and then depended on a decent sense of gratitude in the beneficiaries."—Washington Star.

Fair Devoote—I don't see any way to raise our church debt, except to have a lottery. Minister (shocked)—That will never have my sanction, madam, never, unless you call it by some other name.—New York Weekly.

Old Party—Boy, you'll catch cold if you get your feet wet in that puddle. Small Boy—Dat's what I'm after. I'm goin' to speak "Spartacus to de Gladiators" at school on Friday, an' I want to git me voice hoarse.—Chicago News.

"Their pay is shockingly small for some of our public officials," said the broad-minded man. "Yes," answered the cynic; "but it averages up. Some of the public officials are shockingly small for their pay."—Washington Star.

Finnegan—Oh, yis, Oi can understand how them astronomers can calculate th' distance av a shtarr, its weight, and dinsty and color, and all that—but th' thing that gets me is, how th' divvie do they know it's name.—Puck.

She—What is the use of searching for the North Pole, anyway? He—Why, it would result in a great saving of money if found. She—How's that? He—It wouldn't be necessary to send any more expeditions to look after it.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Constitution—Now, Mr. Wunnont, I wish you'd do your best to get my boy a good government job. Congressman—Well, what can your son do? Constitution—What can he do? Great Scott, man! If he could do anything I wouldn't be bothering you!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. McCall—I do wish I could get a good maid. Mrs. Vandine—You might interview mine. I think she'd be delighted to go to you. Mrs. McCall—But why don't you keep her? Mrs. Vandine—Oh, she won't stay. She says she wants a place where she won't have so many gowns and hats to take care of.—Philadelphia Press.

Miss Smythe (organizing a subscription dance)—I'm in despair about our dance, Mr. Brown. So many people have failed me. You'll come, won't you? Mr. Brown (extremely stout)—Itelly, Miss Smythe; I'm not a dancing man. I don't dance at all! Miss Smythe—Oh, that don't matter in the least. You'd help to fill up, you know! Mr. Brown—Ah—yes—with pleasure. I will look in about supper time.—Punch.

Odessa.

Odessa is one of the finest cities in Russia. Foundations for the present city were made in 1794, and it is built upon territory ceded to Russia by Turkey in 1792. It has a population of 600,000, nearly a quarter of whom are really the Americans of Russia, enterprising, progressive and peaceful.

Would Certainly Scare Him.

It is safe to say that the man who had the first case of good old-fashioned jumping toothache thought he was a goner.—Detroit Tribune.

"This is a gross case," said a Manchester magistrate to a prisoner, who was making his 144th appearance before him for drunkenness.

My Hair is Scraggly

Do you like it? Then why be contented with it? Have to be? Oh, no! Just put on Ayer's Hair Vigor and have long, thick hair; soft, even hair; beautiful hair, without a single gray line in it. Have a little pride. Keep young just as long as you can.

"I am fifty-seven years old, and until recently my hair was very gray. But in a few weeks Ayer's Hair Vigor restored the natural color to my hair, so now there is not a gray hair to be seen."—J. W. HANSON, Boulder Creek, Cal.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of SASSAPARILLA, PILLS, and CHERRY PECTORAL.

Ayer's

The Walk of Life.—The Christian life is a walk. This truth we need to repeat and emphasize. The young convert who expects to find a spiritual Pullman car to carry him through life will find himself much mistaken. We shall all have to walk sometimes by a rough and rugged road. Do not expect to be carried to the skies. Walking means effort. It means progress. The vision before us is not of wings, but steps up to heaven.—Rev. M. D. Willett, Baptist, Los Angeles, Cal.

Getting and Giving.—The church is to teach men the supreme importance of sacrifice. The church by precept and by practice is to stand for service. People are to be told that they are to come to and belong to the church, not that they may get something, but that they may give something. Christianity, if it means anything, means unselfishness, a lesson sorely needed in these days of graft.—Rev. T. D. Long, Methodist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Permanent Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. H. H. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. H. H. Kline, Ltd., 981 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Work.—The greatest secret of success is work, work, work! I feel sorry for the man who wants and cannot get it, but I pity the man who can get work and does not want it. Judgment, economy and the like are important elements in success, but all these are worthless without work.—Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, Lutheran, Baltimore, Md.

Eastern Washington Wheat Lands and Irrigated Lands for sale or exchange. What have you for sale or exchange? O. W. BROWN, 415 Pacific Block, Seattle, Wash.

A FARM FOR NOTHING

160 acres marsh bottom and hill land, 14 in cultivation, 6-room house, large barn, chicken houses, sheds, running spring water, 3/4 mile to school and church, 170 bearing fruit trees and small fruits, crops all in. One plow, 1 harrow, 2 cultivators, 1 horse mill, 1 light wagon and all small tools. \$1,400. MUTUAL REALTY CO., Pioneer Bldg., Seattle.

MEN AND WOMEN

To learn Barber trade in eight weeks. Hair-dressing, manicuring. Graduates earn \$15 to \$25 weekly. SEATTLE BARBER COLLEGE, 121 Washington St., SEATTLE.

A SPECIAL: Files per dozen, 10c; Leaders per dozen, 20c; Oil Silk Lines, 25 yards, 25c; Enamelled Silk Lines, 25 yards, 50c; Best Carline Single Gut Hook, 25c per dozen; Split Bamboo Rods, 75c.

A. L. HALL, 1111 First Avenue, SEATTLE.

BEST BY TEST

"I have tried all kinds of waterproof clothing and have never found anything as dry and durable as your Fish Brand for protection from all kinds of weather." (The name and address of the writer of this testimonial letter may be had upon application.) Highest Award World's Fair, 1904.

A. J. TOWER CO., The Sign of the Fish, Boston, U. S. A.

TOWER CANADIAN CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Canada.

Makers of Warranted Wet Weather Clothing

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It has been said that the most brazen man on record is the one capable of asking a cab driver to tell him the way. The New York Press gives this instance of the next to the most brazen:

A doctor's night bell rang, and he rose in professional haste and went to the window. "Can you inform me," asked the man on the step below, "if the doctor next door makes night calls? I've been ringing his bell for ten minutes, but no one answers."

The Face.—The garment of flesh is so frail that the soul shines through. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. The whole story is in the face. What is a hypocrite but one who seeks to hide his ugly self? But the effort to conceal is the very act that reveals. He may wear many masks, but the real nature finds some rent or fissure in the filmy disguise through which it shows its hateful face.—Rev. J. W. Hill, Methodist, Harrisburg, Pa.

The Present Rate Law.

The duties of the present Interstate Commerce Commission are to correct all discriminations in railroad rates. If it finds that an unjust rate is in effect, the railroad is notified. If it declines to change it, the Commission can bring suit in court and if the court decides in favor of the Commission's finding, the railroad must obey, or its officers may be brought up for contempt of court and summarily dealt with.

A Lesson of Forgiveness.—Let us learn a lesson of forgiveness from our Master. It is far more noble to pardon than to be avenged. It is part of the animal man to retaliate an injury. It is only God and the Son of God that have the magnanimity to forgive.—Cardinal Gibbons, Roman Catholic, Baltimore, Md.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. H. H. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. H. H. Kline, Ltd., 981 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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You Can Get a Free Foot Case FREE.

Write Allen S. Gimesed, LeRoy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot Ease. It cures chafes, blisters, sweating, damp, swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

Certainty.—No man can be a Christian without being sure that he is a Christian. If a man is a saved man it is the first fact in his existence, yet people often base on wrong grounds their belief that they are saved. A man is not saved simply because he believes certain things about Jesus Christ.—Rev. G. B. Vosburgh, Baptist, Denver, Colo.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

W. D. TRAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. W. D. TRAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. W. D. TRAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

His Wit Was Not Heavy.

It was a crowded car, and the thin man looked angrily at his stout neighbor, who occupied two seats and overlapped a third.

"These cars ought to charge by size and weight!" he grumbled to his wife, as he pulled his coat out from under the fat man with a vicious twitch.

The fat man gave one calm, unmoved glance at the diminutive figure beside him.

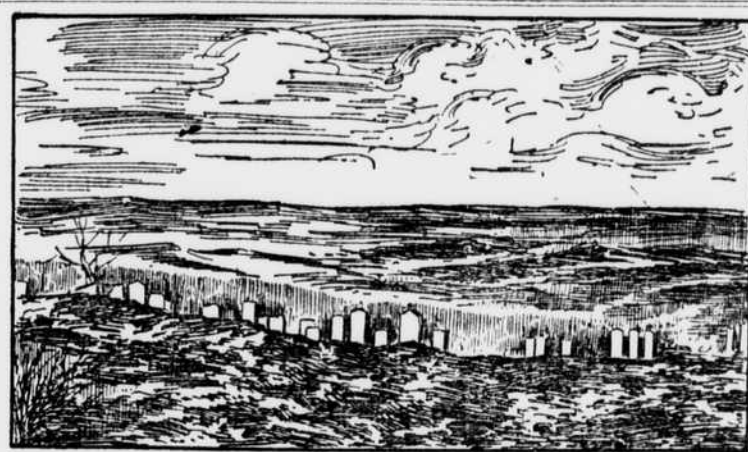
"If they did they'd never stop to let you on, my little man," he said, with a broad smile.

HISTORIC GROUND.

THE CROW INDIAN RESERVATION IN MONTANA.

Great Tract Which Is to Be Thrown Open to Settlement by the Whites, Contains the Battlefield Upon Which Custer Fell—A Rich Region.

Notwithstanding the fact that there are 473,000,000 acres of vacant unappropriated land, excluding Alaska, open for settlement, pressure is constantly being brought to bear upon Congress for the opening of lands hitherto set aside for the Indians. One reservation after another is being thrown up to settlement, the aboriginal occupants being given farms in severally if they desire to live the lives of white men, or being compelled to take circumscribed quarters if they wish to live the tribal or blanket life. Last year the greatest reservation opening was that of the Rosebud, in South Dakota. This summer two reservations will be thrown open to a certainty—the Crow, in Southern Montana, and the Uintah, in Eastern Utah. To these will probably be added the Wind River or Shoshone reservation, in Wyoming. All these reservations offer vast opportunities to the white man. The Uintah and Wind River reservations are rich in minerals, but to



BATTLEFIELD OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN.

the genuine homemaker—the man who wishes to carve his fortune with no other instrument than the plow—the Crow reservation will make the most effective appeal.

A Rich Region.

The Crow reservation is just over the northern boundary of Wyoming, in Montana. It is one of the greatest reservations in the country, and has long been coveted by the white man. The Brush-Alliance branch of the Burlington Railroad, connecting with the Northern Pacific, extends entirely through the reservation. There is a southward branch of the Burlington, at Toluca, extending to Cody, from which one can make a delightful journey through the reservation by the new "side door route" to Yellowstone Park. Travelers who journey through the reservation by trail are astounded at the fertility of the scene that meets their eyes. Under the magic touch of irrigation, rich farms dot the landscape of bare, brown hills. But for the tepees that raise their smoke-brown tops on either side of the track, and the Indians who are seen riding or

women dance for mouse.

At exactly 9:45 o'clock Thursday morning a little brown mouse stole out from the main corridor of the Missouri-Lincoln Trust building at Seventh and Olive streets and took a short constitutional of about twenty-five feet west in Olive, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. In the course of that innocent jaunt he frightened so many women that a feminine panic ensued and so much screaming and scampering about was done that the mouse started back for the more masculine calm of the Missouri-Lincoln Trust building.

As he gained the entrance, however, a large and formidable-looking woman espied him, and with a wild shriek and a frenzied grasping of the skirts, began executing such a remarkable dance on the sill of the big skyscraper that the mouse lost his head and scurried clear across Olive street.

Arriving at the curb on the south side, he passed under a carriage from which two women were alighting and emerged on the sidewalk simultaneously with them. At once they set up an outcry and circled around on the pavement in a dismayed minutest such as has never before been seen in St. Louis. By this time a big crowd had gathered, and the laughter of men and boys mingled with the shrieking and screaming of women and girls. The uproar became so appalling to the mouse that finally, reckless of consequences, he precipitated himself through an open grating into a cellar and has not been seen since. His unusual and uncommon experience while in quest of a little fresh air lasted just five minutes.



MASSACRE MONUMENT.

driving along the roads, one might imagine he was pursuing his way through a peaceful and prosperous Western agricultural community. Most of the farms are leased by white men, as the Indian owners are not yet sufficiently skilled in the white man's methods to be a success as agriculturists. But these farms in the valley of the Big Horn show that the Crow reservation can be made to blossom as the rose when once it is dominated by the white man's touch.

For over a year the government has had surveys at work in the northern half of the Crow reservation, making surveys. Not all of the reservation will be thrown open. The Crows have ceded 1,150,000 acres to the government, and this is the portion to be taken up by the white men. The land lies along the valley of the Big Horn, and it is estimated that about 800,000 acres can be cultivated. The remainder will be used for grazing purposes. Thus the individual who draws a homestead will be doubly lucky, for not only will he have 160 acres of as fine agricultural land as there is in the West, but he will also have the privilege of using a vast acreage of grazing ground which cannot be irrigated, but which is rich in succulent grasses and which has been used as a pony range by the Crows for generations. The main canal to irrigate the homesteads will be taken from the Big Horn, and the supply of water is inexhaustible. The proceeds of the sale of the land

will be used by the Crows to benefit their own lands and herds.

On Historic Ground.

The homesteader who settles in the Crow reservation will find himself in historic ground. The chief place of interest on the reservation is Custer battlefield, at Crow Agency. The Custer monument can be seen from the railroad trains, on top of a knoll, about six miles from the station. It was here that the redoubtable Rain-in-the-Face and other Sioux chieftains overwhelmed Custer's detachment of 270 brave men, leaving not one to tell the story. White headstones are scattered about the monument on both slopes of the hill, showing exactly where the men lay when their bodies were found. Near at hand are many other headstones, as Custer field has been turned into a national cemetery, and here are buried the victims of the Fetterman massacre and many others who lost their lives on the plains fighting for the flag. The field will always remain one of the most interesting spots in America. Only four miles away is Reno's battlefield, where one may yet see the bones of the horses used as breastworks by the troopers who, according to many military critics, should have come to Custer's aid.

For generations the Crows have clung to the lands on which they are now located. Occasionally they were driven off by the warlike Sioux or Cheyennes, but always they came back. In the days of the fur traders

LIEUTENANT BOWMAN



IN FORTY- EIGHT HOURS PE-RU-NA CURED HIM

Cold Affected Head and Throat—Attack Was Severe.

Chas. W. Bowman, 1st Lieut. and Adj. 4th M. S. M. Cav. Vols., writes from Lanham, Md., as follows:

"Though somewhat averse to patent medicines, and still more averse to becoming a professional advertiser, I seem only a plain duty in the present instance to add my experience to the columns already written concerning the curative powers of Peru-na.

"I have been particularly benefited by its use for colds in the head and throat. I have been able to fully cure myself of a most severe attack in forty-eight hours by its use according to directions. I use it as a preventive whenever threatened with an attack.

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A Changing God.—God is changing his mind all the time about the world, because He is a living God and the world is a changing world. The original prohibitionists got their message from God, and wrote it into the very constitution of some States. But where are they now? God left them, and they are fighting a losing battle. Yet, the original prohibitionist was a brave man and a better Christian than the indifferent priest and Levite who care not.—Rev. W. D. Hyde, Presbyterian, New Haven, Conn.

A New Theology.—The principle of evolution has overthrown, not the truths, but the structural principles and the elaborate theory of the old theology. The new biology has made necessary a new theology, and a new theology is already diffused in the atmosphere of the common thought.—Rev. P. S. Moxom, Congregationalist, Springfield, Mass.

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God's Justice.—God's justice gives to all alike the privileges of the gospel, for God is no respecter of persons. God's love to man and His goodness to the race prompts Him to offer to man the privilege of sonship to God in Christ. Man has power to accept or to reject this gospel.—Rev. C. C. Smith, Disciple, Los Angeles, Cal.

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ing of Spring and warm weather the blood is aroused and stirred to quicker action and in its effort to throw off these acids and poisons the skin suffers. Boils, pimples, blotches, rashes and eruptions break out and continue until the blood is cleansed and made pure. S. S. S. is the ideal remedy for this condition; it clears the blood of all impurities, makes it rich and strong and these skin troubles pass away. Rheumatism, Catarrh, Chronic Sores and Ulcers, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison and all other diseases of the blood are cured by S. S. S. Book on the blood and any advice desired, free of charge. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1905.

ONE THING FOR ALASKA.

In discussing territorial form of government for Alaska, the Skagway Alaskan very aptly says:

The capacity of the people of Alaska, mentally, morally and financially, for self-government is shown best by their record in the district. They do more business per capita than is done in any other political division of the United States. Last year they exported to the states of the Union the products of labor, in gold, fish, furs and other items, to the value of \$21,400,000. They furnished a market for goods, wares and merchandise to the value of \$12,500,000. They have established towns up and down the coasts and along the waterways which would do credit to old commonwealths. They have good schools in their incorporated towns, of which there are about a dozen in the district, supported by local revenues. They have reimbursed the federal treasury for the cost of government in their district for the last half dozen years and donated it a million dollars in addition. They are the most prosperous people in the nation. They have further shown their capacity for self-government in the manner in which they have handled the affairs of their municipalities. It has been said that the usual conditions in Alaska make self-government impracticable. Nothing could be more absurd. The only practical legislature is that wherein there are representatives of all sections of a country for which it legislates and in which all the interests involved are represented. The fact that conditions are different here from those obtaining elsewhere makes this principle when applied to Alaska axiomatic. What would the electors of Illinois think of the suggestion of leaving the legislation on their local matters to a committee of statesmen from Ohio, Texas and Maine? In Illinois conditions are settled as much as they are in other states, yet they demand that legislators of their own selection composed of residents of their own state to meet every two years to adjust their laws to the changing conditions. The need for a legislature of experienced men in a country where conditions change as rapidly as they do in Alaska, is greater than it is in Illinois. The situation in Alaska is better for the establishment of a territorial government than it was in any territory, save Oklahoma, that has ever been created by a United States congress. The district is large, but the means of communications are such that the various sections of it are in closer touch with each other than has been the case with other territories. Nome and Ketchikan are nearer each other, when the expense and time of going from one to the other are concerned, than were Spokane and Olympia in 1860. The cost of a territorial government in this district need not be more expensive to the people than the burdens they are bearing now. It could be much less. If the 40,000 poor immigrants in the Dakotas or Washington, without markets or means of transportation to markets, could maintain territorial governments under the conditions that obtained in them when they were first organized, certainly the 50,000 or 60,000 prosperous, producing people of Alaska are prepared for the so-called burden.

The town is quiet and business is very dull, just now. "What is the town coming to? Half the men are out of town and it seems deserted," say most of the business men. That's a fact, and is just as it should be. Find a town where dry goods boxes and benches are filled with idle whittlers, when they should be earning something, and you will find a pretty sleepy old place the year around. On the contrary, find a town where every laboring man, if he cannot find work in town is out rustling on the outside, works all summer, comes in in the fall with his pockets full of money, pays his bills and has money to tide him over the winter, and you will find a prosperous place. We are glad to know that Wrangell belongs to the latter class.

Wrangell will celebrate.



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750 miles from Seattle. Population, 800. Delightful climate both winter and summer. 30,000 per day saw mill; electric lights; 11 stores; fine schools; good churches. The town of totem poles. At the mouth of the Stikine River. Boats leave here for Telegraph Creek; also for West Coast Prince of Wales points.

The Sitka Cablegram says in speaking of Governor Brady: "The governor proved the better fighter, was reappointed, and will undoubtedly hold office until the end of his term." That is no new statement; it was made by superintendent Kelly here in Wrangell to a crowded house where nineteen-twentieths of the people knew it was not necessary for him to be a "fighter;" that all that was required was for Brady to say "I want the plum," and the Board of Home Missions (known to be the most powerful lobby at Washington) did the rest. Our neighbor also says that "no charge of dishonesty or corruption has ever been seriously brought against him." No? Well, if the governor was engaging in a business as reported, and which has not been denied, whereby people were being cruelly deceived, it would look quite "serious." But that is not the real point that the SENTINEL would make. It does object to officials for Alaska being appointed through the influences of an organization that is virtually the Tammany of Alaska with its head in New York. The people of this great district are entitled to some say in this matter; and if this had been the case John G. Brady would today be running his "farms" instead of being the "fighter" governor of Alaska.

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The congressional party have been in Southeastern Alaska and have departed well pleased with their visit. As one of them remarked: "We have had our eyes opened regarding many things. From observation we should judge that you have one of the best countries on the continent. The climate is delightful, the scenery grand. We have seen some fine vegetables in our rounds, and the evidences of immense berry crops are surprising; but it is evident that cereals cannot be grown here. The mining industry is yet in its infancy, and will one day startle the world. In fact the future possibilities of Alaska are great, and Congress will soon come to your relief by the passage of salutary laws." All this was appreciated, and we believe all of these men meant just what they said. They were a very observing set of men, and very little escaped their notice. All Alaskans are glad they have been here to see, hear and feel the pulses of the people, and find out their wants and desires.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, WASHINGTON, D. C., April 19, 1905. Sealed Proposals for the construction of schoolhouses at Killisnoo, Wrangell, and Jackson, Southeastern Alaska, for teachers' residences at Klawack, Prince of Wales Island, and Skagway, Alaska, and for schoolhouses with teachers' residences attached, at Deering, on the Arctic Coast, and Haines and Kake, in Southeastern Alaska, will be received at the Department until 2 o'clock P. M., Saturday, June 10, 1905, and will be opened immediately thereafter, in the presence of such bidders as may desire to attend. Blank forms of proposal, embracing specifications, may be obtained on application to the Department, or to the Commissioner of Education, where drawings showing details may be inspected. Plans and specifications may also be seen and obtained from Prof. William A. Kelly, at Sitka, Alaska; at Juneau and Douglas from Livingston F. Jones, of Juneau; and from the respective U. S. Commissioners at Ketchikan, Wrangell, Skagway, Seward, and Valdez, Alaska. May 25. E. A. HITCHCOCK, Secretary.

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